



VOL. XVI.



MANAGEMENT OF WOOD-LOTS.

It may seem strange to some of our readers "out west" that we "up easters" in the "woods of Maine" should begin to take any thought or trouble about wood-lots.

The fact is, the time has come in too many parts of the State, that a scarcity of fuel and lumber compels many people to enquire into the best mode of managing wood-lots. Had this enquiry received attention fifty years ago, the State of Maine would now have been worth millions more than it now is.

Some years ago, a Mr. Leliur, a French gentleman, wrote a work on fruit and other trees, wherein he held forth the idea that certain diseases in the peach tree, called white blight, was hereditary—that plants raised from fruit or kernel of such trees were sure to suffer in the same way, and would also communicate the disease to grafts if inserted into them.

A friend of ours, who has paid some attention to fruit trees, thinks he has suffered by planting seed from diseased trees.

How shall we manage our wood-lots to the best advantage? Farmers seem to be divided in their opinions in this matter.

Some think it best, when cutting every winter what they wish for their own use or to sell, to cut the ground over clean, and then leave it to grow up again, each year cutting a portion as it may be wanted.

Others prefer to glean out the older and more decayed trees,

and to thin out where the growth is pretty thick, and let the younger and more thrifty trees stand and grow for future use.

Without pretending to much experience in this matter, we should decide that, under certain circumstances, both are right. For instance, where the whole of the growth is cut off,

it will take a number of years for it to start up and grow to a sufficient size to cut again.

If the farmer has a tract of wood sufficiently large to keep in a supply of fuel by going over his lot in this way, we think it a good method; for, if he lives to come round to the portion first cleared, he finds a vigorous, healthy growth of sound wood, and the lot may be said to have a valuable annual growth.

On the other hand, if the farmer has not a large tract, and by cutting a certain portion off clean every year, he shall have gone over his lot in a few years, and coming round in rotation to the first cut lot, finds that there has not been time sufficient for its full growth since he first passed the axe over it, he will be in want of fuel. In such case it would have been better to have gleaned out from time to time the older and decaying trees, and pruned up and thinned out the younger, and assisted their growth by taking away such under brush as would choke, and kept out cattle that would browse the shoots. We have seen small wood-lots managed in this way by careful men, that supplied the wood for the family beyond the expectation of all.

As it regards the time necessary for a crop of wood to grow—that is to say, for a wood-lot that has been cleared, to grow up again, no observations or experiments have to our knowledge been made in Maine.

Coleman, in his report of the agriculture of Massachusetts, has taken this subject into consideration and given many valuable facts, which we copy from below. It has been observed by some that forest trees grow faster in Massachusetts than in Maine, and that therefore allowances must be made between the two latitudes in regard to his statements. As far as our observations extend, some kinds of trees, such as the oak and pitch-pine, grow faster in Massachusetts; while others, as the rock maple, yellow birch and beech, grow faster in Maine.

Coleman observes that he found in Plymouth and Norfolk counties, in which much land had been thrown out of cultivation and devoted to wood, that it was a prevalent conviction that in general it might be cut once in twenty years, and yield in that time twenty cords per acre. A Mr. Blanchard in that section gave it as his opinion that a thin and exhausted soil would give twenty-five cords of wood per acre in twenty-five years, and that good land in thirty years would give fifty cords to the acre. Eliaphet Loring, of Hingham, states that oak wood may be cut once in fifteen or twenty years, and that he obtains thirty cords of wood to the acre. Elijah Atherton, of Stoughton, Norfolk co., informed Mr. C. that wood-land, with proper care, will produce twenty cords of wood per acre in twenty years, at which time it is generally fit to cut. John Welles, a well known agriculturist, is of opinion that a general principle, it is considered by many, that in cutting off a wood-lot, a period not far from 30 years may be advantageously allowed before the regrowth should be again required to. A period of little over 20 years is allowed by some, prompted often by a desire to avail themselves of the capital. He also observes that the growth of an apple tree is from 1-4 to 2-3 inches in circumference in a year. An elm, in 20 years, gave 1-3-4 inch (average growth). An ash, in 20 years, gave 1-5-8 these trees standing alone. In some instances, where trees have stood from half to three fourths of a century, their growth has been found to be 1-2 inch per year.

We give these extracts above from Coleman's report, because they give more information upon this subject in a territory the nearest to us of any where we know of any experiment and observation on these matters being made, and in a region where many of us are acquainted.

We should be pleased to receive commun-

cations from any of our readers in Maine, who have paid attention to the subject of woodlands. It is one getting to be of great importance in the older sections of the State, and should by no means be neglected in those parts more recently settled.

ARE DISEASES OF FRUIT TREES HEREDITARY?

We are aware that there has long been an opinion, but how well founded we cannot say, that grafts from fruit trees partake of the nature of the parent stock, and therefore suffer the diseases incident to that stock, though many miles distant from it. This idea was either started or preached by Mr. Knight, who in his lifetime was one of the greatest horticulturists in England. It has had many advocates, who bring forward many circumstances strongly in its favor, but we believe it has become somewhat obsolete now and not much faith put in it.

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[For the Maine Farmer.]

CULTIVATE WINTER WHEAT.

Mr. HOLMES.—The quantity of wheat that is brought from the Western States through Buffalo, is very great. There has been a little attention paid to the raising of breadstuff among us, although the seasons have been good for Indian corn, rye and barley, which will sustain life, that should there be only a scarcity in the Western States, it would create quite a famine in Maine, and be severely felt all over the world. I think there has been no time since we have had open winters, in which various kinds of winter wheat might not have been raised.

He also says a winter wheat will furnish yearly at least five dollars worth from each bushel,

To the person who is clearing their fields of heavy rocks, and have not a sufficient supply of ox and man power to grapple with everything, the following mode—old to some, but new to many—may be useful:

First have what are called shears, to raise above them, with a staple, to which a double tackle may be attached. Then drill a hole, an inch and a half in diameter, and three inches deep in the top of the rock, then have a bolt with an eye to it which will fit the hole snugly, and drive it in—then hitch the hook of the lower tackle into it and pull away. If you have windlass fixed to one side of your shears with a flat to it which the rope shall pass, and with a crank to turn it, you will operate much easier. The iron bolt will stick so as to enable you to lift a rock weighing three or four tons, and when raised, by giving it a side rap, it will be detached. By having suitable fixtures of this kind strongly made, heavy rocks may be lifted out of their beds, or placed in situations where wanted, with comparative ease.

NORMANDY CATTLE.—QUERY. Sometimes during the years 1817 or '18, the Massachusetts Agricultural Society imported a bull and two cows from Normandy. Their subsequent history we have not been able to learn. What became of them? Had they any peculiarities that rendered them, or a cross with them, more valuable than our native breed? Will our Bro. Buckminster, of the Ploughman, inquire into their history, and let us know the results through his columns?

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The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, &c. &c.



AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1848.

INCOMBUSTIBLE WASH.

The following note was handed us a month ago, but has been overlooked until now:

MR. HOLMES—Dear Sir: Some time ago a foreigner by the name of Rafinesque, advertised that he had discovered a method of rendering wood and cloths incombustible, and offered to render houses and clothing fire-proof by washing them over with the preparation that he employed. Has his mode ever been made public? If it has, can you give any information through the Farmer in regard to it?

Yours, J. KYS.

Rafinesque, the foreigner above named, was a botanist of considerable celebrity, who came to this country several years ago, and died here. He was rather a singular man, and had a good many *notions*, as a Yankee would call them. We do not know how he proposed to render substances incombustible, but suppose it was done, if done at all, by washing or soaking them in a solution of siccate of soda and potash, or what some call "soluble glass." Almost any work on chemistry will give you the mode of preparing this,—but lest you may not have one at hand, we will give the following directions. First procure some flint or quartz pebbles. Heat these to redness, and then plunge them into cold water. This will break them up; after which they may be ground to powder in an iron mortar. If you wish to be very nice in the manufacture, a silver or platin crucible may be used; but for ordinary purposes, a crucible of the common kind may be used. Into this put equal parts of dry carbonate of potash and dry carbonate of soda, and melt them. Then sprinkle into these melted alkalies the powdered flint, as long as there is any effervescence. It will generally take about a quarter as much powdered flint as there is of the alkali. Let the mass cool. Then dissolve it in diluted muriatic acid. Strain it, and evaporate to dryness. Take the dry crust and pulverize it, and again digest it about two hours with a little muriatic acid, to dissolve out any iron or alumina—then wash it with hot water—drain it—dry it, and heat it hot. This makes the soluble glass, which will dissolve in water, and which may be applied to cloths and paper, wood, leather, &c., &c., and will render them incapable of taking fire when placed in contact with a burning body. It is not a very difficult process for our correspondent to perform, and if it should meet his wishes, we shall be very much gratified.

Wood and other substances may be rendered somewhat incombustible by being soaked in a solution of alum, but this is different from what Rafinesque proposed, which was to cause incombustibility by merely washing or varnishing the substances with his preparation.

GINGER BEER.

This is the season for beer drinking. Most of the small beers are short lived, even if they are not drunk up. The following mode of making Ginger Beer, which we copy from *Fereira's Materia Medica*, may be useful to many of our readers. It is a very pleasant beverage, and will keep a month or two.

Take white sugar, 20 lbs.; lemon juice, 18 fluid ounces, (rather over a quart); honey, 1 lb.; ginger root, bruised, 22 ounces; water, 18 gallons. Boil the ginger in three gallons of water, for half an hour—then add the sugar, the lemon juice, and the rest of the water, and strain through a cloth. When cold, add the white of an egg, half a fluid ounce of essence of lemon—after standing four days, it may be bottled off. A glass of this in a hot day, with a lump of ice in it, is very refreshing.

The same author gives the following recipe for making *Ginger Beer powders*. Take bicarbonate of soda, 1 ounce and 54 grains, (apothecaries' weight); reduce it to powder, and divide into 16 papers; to each paper add 5 grains of powdered ginger and a drachm of white sugar. Then take 1 ounce of tartaric acid, which powder and divide into 16 parcels, and do it up in separate papers.—Two of these papers will make a pint of beer. Dissolve the soda in two gills of water in one glass, and the acid in two gills in another glass—pour them together and swallow quickly.

HOW TO PRESERVE PENCIL DRAWINGS.—We have tried various methods of preserving drawings and writings, made by the common black lead pencil, but not with very good success until recently. By washing them over once with a solution of gun cotton in ether, we can fix them so firmly that India Rubber will not rub them out. We shall not take out a patent for this discovery, but make you a present of it, and hope it will be of good service. All we ask for the knowledge is, that some of our contemporaries, who "hook" with such good judgment and liberality from the Farmer, will give us credit when they grab.

THE OLD TEA PARTY. According to a western paper, there is yet one of the Boston "tea party," alive and a kicking! His name is D. Kenison. He is one hundred and eleven years old, and recently made a speech, of ten to fifteen minutes long, at a political meeting.

A NIMBLE FELLOW. An Indian, by the name of Coffee, ran eleven miles, in Buffalo, not long since, in one hour, five minutes and seven seconds.

REMEDY FOR LOCK JAW. A writer in the Baltimore Sun says, if any one runs a nail or a stub into any part and lock jaw ensues, it may be cured by blowing tobacco smoke into the wound. Two or three pipes full will set the wound to dischargeing.

FUNERAL RONDS. A funeral pageant, in honor of those from New York who fell in the Mexican war, took place in the city of New York week before last. Thirteen military companies, and a large procession of citizens, escorted the remnant of the band that had returned, to the Park, where an oration was delivered by John Van Buren.

THANKSGIVING DAY. The mayor of the city of Charleston, S. C., set apart Thursday of week before last, for a day of thanksgiving for the close of the Mexican war. Is that the only community that can afford to be thankful?

NORTH BRIDGTON.

Stranger—shall I invite your attention to a rural country scene—a scene for the repose of the heart, and where the wearied limbs can find rest from the care and toil of the study, counting-room, or office—and view, in the place of the works of art, the ever-varying scenes of Nature which are spread before us in unrivaled perfection? And now that sweet Summer has come in all her wealth of glory, and is beautifying the earth with her vast treasures of flowers, and every fragrance and delicious odor is wafted by the light zephyrs, shall we not bound away from the sultry pavements and breathe the pure, free country air? Let us take a trip to North Bridgton. A tiny, gliding steamboat will carry us away, for like that agile creature, the *Fawn*—from whence she, who spurns the crowded marts for the pure liberty of our quiet lakes, Passing scenes worthy of a Poet's pen, I would invite your attention to that fairy village nestled on the hill-side. See it now. Its neat cottages, the spire of the village-church, ever pointing to Heaven, and the Seminary, with its green grove, all in the leafing of the summer, more lovely than August. Let us go each side of the Kennebec, not simply the elegant dwelling—the abundant foliage in the gentle season of the year, its rural beauty—Summer I will add, its female beauties—render it indeed a lovely spot, and its society of an attractive class.

The Legislature now in session here, gives an air of life and business to its streets for three months of the year, which it does not in the other nine possess. Yet, I cannot but remark with pleasure, the quiet of the public avenues on the Sabbath day. Although the convening of the Legislature brings to town a great number of people here as members, Senator and House, and their families, the Sabbath day is still a quiet New England character, they withdraw into their boarding houses, and everything without wears the face of sadness and stillness. Blessed indeed, is the Sabbath day—and happy is that people who honor it by enjoying its elevating privileges, and submitting to its restraining restraints. Long may the sons and daughters of New England preserve this institution, designed by Heaven to man,—free from the adulterations of immorality and the turbulence of ill-restrained ignorance and vice!

And yet we are told by numerous persons in certain sections of our State, that the people of Augusta are so "immoral" that the seat of government ought to be removed immediately! This cry about the "immorality" of the capital is a slanderous humbug, the assertions of others to the contrary notwithstanding. Those who have been wheeled into this belief by unscrupulous croakers, would do well, before flooding the Legislature with petitions on the subject, to read the proceedings of the Senate on Friday last. That body, whose members well know the character of our citizens, nobly vindicated the people of Augusta against the foul aspersions cast upon them, and attempted to be fastened upon them by legislative action. They treated the subject justly—hurling the base charges unmercifully into the teeth of those who unwittingly originated them. The morals of Augusta are of a healthy tone, as those of any other place of its size and business in New England. +

A point of land, covered with trees and shrubs in primeval wilderness, projects out from the inlet forming the cove, where the village is located. As we enter the principal street from the South, the slight serpentine road affords a rare union of taste and comfort, and altho' the critical eye might detect some incongruities arising from the mingling of the ancient with the modern, yet the style of architecture is neat, and the whole appearance of things light and pleasing. Let us ascend Prospect Hill. The fine view afforded from this delightful eminence will repay the toil of ascent. Here the whole village is spread in one bright panorama before us. Look where you may, a beauty meets your eye. Nearly on its summit is the house of Capt. Ross was struck, the fluid passing through a few feet from the bed in which the Captain and his wife were sleeping, fired off a gun which stood in a corner, visiting the cellar, and finally taking a double track and entering the ground in two places. The ball from the gun passed through the roof of the building and rammed.

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LIVERMORE two barns were burned, one containing about sixteen tons of hay. In the same town, also, a large and handsome pine tree which stood in a field was struck by lightning. The owner had several times been offered forty dollars for it, but could not secure its removal—being alone—he had refused to sell. Our informant states that after the shower there was not a shilling's worth in any one piece."

VIOLENT STORM. A very violent "thunder storm" passed over this place on Monday afternoon. The rain poured down in torrents for an hour and twenty minutes. Our streets were flooded, and many of the cellars on Water-st. were half filled with water. The roads were damaged a good deal; and, no doubt, the grain crops were much injured. As yet we have heard of no disastrous accidents from the lightning. Mr. Blatchford, of the firm of Cofren & Blatchford, of this village, very narrowly escaped death. During the storm, he stepped out of his dwelling to adjust a water spout. A portion of the electric fluid struck his right shoulder, ran down his arm and off his hand—felling him to the ground. He soon recovered from the effects of the shock. His arm, the whole length of it, where the fluid ran, was slightly singed; and near the shoulder, the skin was broken in any one piece."

DOUBLING. The population of the United States has doubled in 24 years. The British islands in 40 years. France in 35 years, besides throwing away two millions in her wars. German states in 50 years. Russia in 35 years.

PUTTING ON THE BREECHES. According to a letter written from Paris, the women of France go into the army, and they are not few, wear pants, a coat coming down to the knees, and a hat tied with a tricolored ribbon. Many of them carry muskets and swords, and march very soldierlike. They had better stay at home and rock the cradle of liberty. At home woman may be an angel—in the army she will become a tigress.

DEATH OF MRS. DR. RUSH. Mrs. Julia Rush, the wife and widow of the celebrated Dr. Rush, died last week, in the ninetieth year of her age. She was the mother of Hon. Richard Rush, Minister to France.

ROASTING THE MUTTON. Ninety-nine sheep were recently suffocated on board a railroad car, on the Connecticut river rail road. A spark from the locomotive set the straw on fire in the sheep car.

CHEROKEE CHIEF. John Ross, the Cherokee chief, has a Quaker wife, who is a native of Philadelphia. We don't know what her color is, but they are now ruralizing at Brandywine springs, in Delaware.

DEATH FROM TOBACCO. A young man in Springfield recently died in consequence of swallowing a large chew of tobacco while asleep.

CONVENTIONS. The Kennebec Democratic Convention will be held at State Street Chapel, in this town, on Friday, the fourth of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

THE DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL CONVENTION will be held on the same day, at 11 o'clock A. M.

SART HARVESTING. The Charlestown (Va.) Free Press says that six cradlers harvested in one day forty-two acres of wheat in the field of Mr. G. B. Seal.

VALUE OF A WIFE. A court and jury, in New York, have awarded to a husband twelve cents damages for the detention of his wife from him two years.

HEAVY WINNINGS. The winning horse at the St. Leger's races, at Doncaster, in England, on the 13th of Sept. next, is to receive the pretty little sum of \$80,800—the second, half that.

BEEF AND GROG. A writer in the Ohio Cultivator recommends when your bees get to fighting to sprinkle some alcohol on the board of the hive. They will clear out mighty quick, from such stuff.

DROWNED. James S. Wheeler, a native of South Berwick, aged eighteen years, was drowned a few days since in Boston while bathing.

COSTLY LAW. Mr. Buller, of New York, built the city prison, and the city went to law with him about it. Mr. B. beat the city, and the city have to pay \$6000 costs of court. Sombody has got rich in the scrape.

SCIENTIFIC STEALING. The darkies in the West Indies hook rum in a very scientific manner. They first fill a bottle full of water and invert the nozzle into the bung of a barrel full of rum. Water being the heaviest sinks down and the spirit rises in its place, and coffee thus makes a sponge on scientific principles.

FACTORY WAGES REDUCED. Several corporations in Lowell have reduced the wages of their goods for a profit at the present time.

STONES FROM THE AIR. A fall of meteors, or stones from the air, took place on the 9th inst., at Seckeron, Pa. If the accounts can be relied upon the largest stone fell there that we ever read of, being six feet in diameter, resembling a mass of sulphur. It passed through a large tree, crushing it to atoms, and was driven twelve feet into the ground, from whence it was afterwards dug up.

YOUNG FLOOD IN CANADA. On the 5th inst. a powerful rain raised the river Du Gouffre, in 12 feet in 24 hours.—This swept away houses, bridges, trees and vessels. One schooner is gone nobody knows where, and the destruction of property is very great.

FUNERAL RONDS. A funeral pageant, in honor of those from New York who fell in the Mexican war, took place in the city of New York week before last. Thirteen military companies, and a large procession of citizens, escorted the remnant of the band that had returned, to the Park, where an oration was delivered by John Van Buren.

THANKSGIVING DAY. The mayor of the city of Charleston, S. C., set apart Thursday of week before last, for a day of thanksgiving for the close of the Mexican war. Is that the only community that can afford to be thankful?

"IMMORAL" AUGUSTA.

An intelligent correspondent of the Northern (Portland) Pioneer, writing from this place on Sabbath eve, the 16th instant, among numerous other things, says:

"There is not, in all the region round, a more lovely village than Augusta. Lying on each side of the Kennebec, not simply the elegant dwelling—the abundant foliage in the gentle season of the year, its rural beauty—Summer has come in all her wealth of glory, and is beautifying the earth with her vast treasures of flowers, and every fragrance and delicious odor is wafted by the light zephyrs, shall we not bound away from the sultry pavements and breathe the pure, free country air? Let us take a trip to North Bridgton.

A tiny, gliding steamboat will carry us away, for like that agile creature, the *Fawn*—from whence she, who spurns the crowded marts for the pure liberty of our quiet lakes, Passing scenes worthy of a Poet's pen, I would invite your attention to that fairy village nestled on the hill-side. See it now. Its neat cottages, the spire of the village-church, ever pointing to Heaven, and the Seminary, with its green grove, all in the leafing of the summer, more lovely than August. Let us go each side of the Kennebec, not simply the elegant dwelling—the abundant foliage in the gentle season of the year, its rural beauty—Summer has come in all her wealth of glory, and is beautifying the earth with her vast treasures of flowers, and every fragrance and delicious odor is wafted by the light zephyrs, shall we not bound away from the sultry pavements and breathe the pure, free country air? Let us take a trip to North Bridgton.

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The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

The Muse.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

Better's got another baby!
Darling, precious little tyke!
Grandma says—she knows, surely—
That you never saw its like.
Is it a boy or a girl?
Let me see sweet and snug!
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal;
Darling's nose is all that's pug!

Some one says "tis I am all over,
Whereat Pa turns rather red,
And, to scan his features quickly
To the looking-glass has fled:
But recovers his composure,
With a smile, and a nervous story,
Who admits, that all babies
This indeed 'tis the crowning glory!

Aunt Linda says she guesses—
Says indeed she knows it, too—
That 't will prove to be a greater
Man than 's his father was;
Providing thus the modern thesis,
Held by reverend doctors sage,
That babies, as in wisdom,

This is a "progressive" age—
Uncle Tom, who loves wonders
At so great a profit!
Close and closer still he presses,
Takring something brave to see.
Up they go, the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, oh! what a progress!

Vainly tries its prates to sing.
As he staves, the infant, lonely,
Leaving by its mother's side,
Opens its little mouth, and, smiling,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle Tom tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stands blushing in the shadows,
And apologetically says—

Why, oh! why such a wretched blunder?
Better for have said awh—
Nor have I thought you're where woman
Holds an undisputed sway:
Do you think that now 'll name it,
As they meant to, after you?
Wretched mortal! let me answer,
You're deluded if you do!

Round about the noisy women
Fawn the helpless stranger now,
Rushing with each other here,
Chas and blues and vases and bowls;
And for this young lad of promise,
All neglect the rose in bloom,
Eldest son, who, quite forgotten,
Founds within her lonely room.

Sound the stage-horn! ring the cow-bell!
That the waiting world may know;
Friends and kinsmen, from our shores,
Even to Mexico,
Seize your pen, oh! dreaming poet,
And, in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread after the joyful tidings,
Betsy's got another baby!

The Story-Teller.

[From the Model American Courier.]

THE MURDERER'S HUT.

By MRS. HUGHES.

About five-and-twenty years ago, my father received a letter from a lawyer at Natchez, informing him that a distant relative, who had lived many years in Mississippi, had died, and left him a large amount of property, adding that in consequence of some peculiar circumstances, it would be necessary for him to come in person to take possession. As my father, though not very wealthy, was yet very comfortably off, I would, had it depended upon myself, have preferred letting the money go quietly to the next heir, rather than he should have exposed himself to such a journey. You smile to hear me say so, but you must remember that travelling was not then the easy matter it has since become, and my father was old, and had always been of a very weakly constitution. He, however, thought very differently, and never once hesitated about going, and my objections were of course all set aside. There was one subject of dispute, however, between us, that was not so easily settled, and that was about my accompaniment.

I was then a girl between seventeen and eighteen, and an only child. Having lost my mother when I was very young, my father had been every thing to me, and had in succession fulfilled the offices of nurse, playmate, teacher and companion, and I had grown up with the feeling that we were all and everything to each other. It is true, that for some time previous to that of which I am speaking, another object had come forward to claim a share in my young and ardent affections, for Henry Monkton had spared no pains to convince me that I was in possession of his, and though no engagement had taken place between us, we each felt very well assured of the other, and my father evidently saw and approved our growing attachment. Still, however, I was determined my father should not go so far without me, and I had been too often successful in vanquishing his opposition to dispair of accomplishing my object this occasion. In vain, therefore, did he and Henry expostulate on the fatigues of so long a journey, the additional trouble that my presence would occasion my father, and the many difficulties that were likely to accrue to so young and inexperienced a traveller as myself, with no more efficient protector than a feeble old man. I saw only my almost idolized parent, worn out with fatigue, and stopped with sickness on the road, dependent only upon strangers for attention, and in a situation perhaps where none of the comforts that sickness requires could be procured. In comparison to this, every other consideration seemed to dissolve in vapor, and I begged, entreated—and at length insisted upon going.

I must acknowledge that nothing short of my anxiety about my father could have induced me to maintain my resolution, when I saw what distress it occasioned to poor Henry. The personal inconveniences that I might encounter were not the only dangers he foresees. His active imagination had presented to him evils of another sort; and the consideration that I was a young, giddy, inexperienced girl, going into a world of strangers, in the character of a rich heiress, seemed almost to convince him that, this our first separation, would prove to be the final one.

As the period of our departure approached, my agitation became almost insupportable, and required my utmost resolution to enable me to contend against it. Conscious in my own mind, however, that it was needless, I endeavored to rally both him and myself, and took my leave, with a laughing request that he would endeavor to diminish the length of his fare before my return.

Our journey, though exceedingly fatiguing, was safe but uninteresting, till we reached the Ohio, when the grand and varied scenery of that beautiful river seemed to give me new life. Our company, too, was agreeable, the weather fine, and as in addition to all this, I fancied I saw my father's health considerably improved by the change of air and scene, I really began to enjoy my journey exceedingly, and especially so when the tedium of the boat was relieved for a time by our stopping to pay a visit of a day or two to a friend of my father's at Louisville. But by the time we had reached the Mississippi, a complete change in the description of our company had taken place. The banks of that river, too, in that part, were flat and monotonous, and being weary of the unvaried scene which day after

day presented, I began at length to seek amusement in listening to the conversation of those around me, though they were none of them of a description that made me at all disposed to make their acquaintance. They were generally fur traders, horse jockeys, and gamblers, who spent most of their time below, carrying on their nefarious trade, but would frequently come upon deck to relax themselves after their close application to their calling. But though induced, from a want of anything more interesting, to listen to them, I was often led to repeat having done so, for the blackest crimes, savage murders, deep treachery, and the most horrid cruelty, were the only things they had to talk about, and I often shuddered to think what a land of depravity I had come to. Once in particular my attention was arrested by an individual of a group that stood near me, pointing to a place, and saying—

"There is where the family lived that was arrested not long ago for robbing and murdering so many travellers. They carried on their trade very snugly, for a long time, and had fine pickings of it, but at last they were found out, and had to pay the cost, for they were all made to swing."

"How were they found out?" asked he to whom this was addressed.

"Why it happened a year or two back, that a family of emigrants were travelling this way in their own wagon, all well and substantially provided for. When they got to about this place, they were seen by several, but after that time they were never seen or heard of more. One son had remained behind on account of other, and was to follow after with some more of their goods. Well, he came and traced them very regularly all the way on, till he came to this place, but after that he could make nothing more out. So a suspicion came into his head that they must have been stopped here, and he accordingly turned back, and following up the course of that hollow yonder, he came before long to a log hut, and the very first thing he saw was his father's wagon. He was very prudent about the matter, for without showing himself to the people of the place, he went direct and gave information on the subject, when a sufficient force was sent to seize the whole gang. The appearance of the ground discovered the places where the bodies had been buried, and on digging them up, it was found that they had not only been deprived of life, but murdered with the most savage and wanton cruelty."

"Well, it was a good thing that they were found out, any how," rejoined the first speaker.

"It was so," returned the other; "but still there are plenty such left behind."

"Do you think so?"

"No doubt of it. Many a poor traveller has found a grave where he expected a hospitable shelter, and especially if he appeared to have anything valuable about him in the way of either clothes or money."

While I was shuddering at the idea of such dreadful scenes being enacted, where I had imagined that innocence, at least, presided, my father came up to me and said that he had inquired about the nearest point to the place that we wanted to reach, and had found that our best way would be to leave the boat at the next stopping place, and procure a conveyance across the country, and therefore desisted me to be in readiness.

"Oh, papa," I exclaimed, in extreme alarm, "you surely would not think of our travelling through this wild uninhabited country by ourselves?"

"Why not, my dear?" asked my father.—"The captain, who is well acquainted, both with the place we wish to go to, and the road to it, says we shall find it very easy to get there before sun-down, and he has a friend living where we shall leave the boat, who is able to provide us with a good horse and carriage, so that there will be no difficulty whatever."

But only consider, papa," I cried, "what danger there will be in our travelling through a country so thinly populated! We might be robbed and murdered without any one ever knowing what had become of us."

"My dear Adel, we shall be in half so much danger in this distant uninhabited region, as should be in the precincts of one of our crowded cities. Crime generally lurks about the busy walks of men; and is seldom known to those who commune only with the works of God."

"Oh, papa!" I replied, in an agony of distress, for I knew by my father's tone and manner that he had made up his mind about the course to be pursued; "this is theory, but experience has proved that it is far from being a universal rule. Even up that narrow, wild-looking gulf a whole family was murdered, and the murderers, on being detected and brought to execution, confessed not only to that crime, but many others of a similar nature."

And the very circumstance of their having been detected and brought to punishment, is an argument in favor of our power for ourselves at the same time. And as to the danger of murder, believe me it is only a chimera of your own brain. Such things have happened, no doubt, but very rarely, and the probability is, that if we meet with a shelter at all, we shall find it a very hospitable one."

I attempted no reply, but sat waiting the result with all the calmness I could muster. Nor was I long kept in suspense. In a few minutes, a faint, twinkling light was perceived through the trees, and gradually grew stronger, till we at last saw it was the light of a candle shining through a window, a few panes of which were filled with glass, and the rest with articles of old clothing.

"Thank God!" said my father, in a tone of great devoutness.

I endeavored to respond to his aspiration, but my heart refused to accompany my words. A sad and solemn presentiment hung over my mind, and a something seemed to whisper me, when I heard my father call to the inmates of the dwelling, that he was summoning his own grave-digger. After several balloons, the door was slowly opened by a middle-aged woman, who replied to my father's inquiries if he could have shelter, that we might come in. I was immediately desirous by my father to avail myself of the permission, and after taking his horse to a shed at the side of the house to which the woman directed him, he followed my example. The house was a long one, and very sanctifiedly furnished. It was clean, however, and a good fire that was blazing on the hearth was no mean addition to our comfort. On looking at our hostess, I found her to be a tall, thin woman, with a long, pale face, and a dark and most unprepossessing countenance. She never spoke but in answer to something that my father ad-

and that things, which our daily familiarity with them, had prevented our attaching any importance to, had been the wonder and admiration of many, and would doubtless be the objects of curiosity to others. My watch, for instance, which had belonged to my mother, and was a very valuable one, was transferred to me by my father, when I was only twelve years old, and had consequently become so familiar to me, that I scarcely ever noticed it but for the purpose for which it was made; but I had found it in the steamboat to an object of universal attention, and often heard the gold chain by which it was suspended round my neck, estimated at various sums, all of which were thought to be extravagant.

One day in particular, I remember being not a little amused, when having thrown myself into my berth, and fallen asleep, I found, when I awoke, an old lady sitting by my side, with my watch in her hand, which she was examining with great admiration, and after having exulted upon its elegance, she said, with great simplicity, she would not wonder if it and the chain together had cost a hundred dollars. Reflecting upon all this, I felt how much she was about us, to lead those who were already so disposed, to make us their prey, and I almost counted the steps that our horse took, so great was my anxiety to get to our destination. My father often tried to rally me and lead my thoughts to subjects of more lively interest; he even talked of Henry, a thing that I had never before done, and of the evident power that I had over his heart, as well as the gratification it was to him to see that I was likely to have so worthy a protector when he should be called away from me; and added, what I was not at all aware of before, that Henry had taken occasion, the evening before we left, to speak to him of his attachment, and of the hopes that he entertained, when my father not only assured him of his entire approbation, but said that had he explained himself earlier, he would have proposed that our marriage should take place before we left home, and Henry consequently have become a partner in our journey, as he was well aware that I could be accommodated with supper and beds for the night.

"Oh yes, we can accommodate you," said the elder of the men; and as he spoke, I saw him smile and give a significant look at the other, which made my heart tremble within me; nor was my confidence much restored when the woman, who I was persuaded from several little traits of resemblance was a sister, going into a distant corner of the room, beckoned to the last speaker to come to her. They whispered together for some time, when I at length heard the woman say, though in a voice that she doubt believed to be inaudible:

"I cannot bear to go into that room; I have never entered it since that dreadful day when she was murdered."

"You're a fool," said the man, "and it's full time you should get over such nonsense."

With a sinking and sickening heart, I sat scarcely able to breathe. I hesitated for some time whether or not I should take an opportunity of mentioning what I had heard to my father; but yet what would avail my doing so? The storm still continued unabated, so that our departure, even had other circumstances permitted it, was impossible; but it could not be supposed that, if the people had evil designs upon us, they would permit us to go, now that we were so completely in their power. I determined, therefore, to restrain my own feelings, and not embitter the last moments of my dear old father, if such was to be his fate, with Bridget (for that I learned was her name,) came forward to set the table for supper, to see that there were traces of tears on her face, and that even still an occasional drop made its way from beneath her eye-lids, and trickled down her cheeks; and I felt some consolation in the thought that she at least had some feeling. It may easily be imagined that I had not much appetite for the meal that was set before us. All I could do was to look with wonder at my father eating his, which he did with more than his usual appetite, endeavoring every now and then to draw his hosts into conversation. They evinced little disposition, however, for sociability, but sat in sullen silence, as if brooding over some dark intent. After the meal was over, my father asked if it would be convenient for us to retire; saying that as it was our wish, should the weather permit, to proceed on our journey very early in the morning, it would be wisdom in us to make satisfied I had been laboring under the most erroneous impressions.

"But I heard you say you would kill the old one," I said, turning to the elder brother.

"The old buffalo that we had trapped, but agreed to keep the calf a little longer, for it was too young to kill," returned he with a laugh, "and I had to be the murderer, for they follow her," he added, pointing to his brother, "so soft-hearted that he fails at once to bear the responsibility of his action."

"Compose yourself, my beloved," he replied, in a soothing tone. "You must have been dreaming. I know the people who live here, and can assure you they would not hurt a hair in your father's head."

By this time, both Bridget and her brother, having done their duty, had withdrawn, leaving us alone in the room, speak of some having been

"impossible," and I again inquired of my father.

"I could bear anything but seeing you murdered," said he; "do not, therefore, I entreat you, dear papa, go to any house in this wilderness."

"We are not sure of that being the case, Adel. One may be taken and the other left, and which would be the most helpless under such circumstances, it would be difficult to tell."

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